

Popery Routed :

O R,

(26)

Wing
p2925
Bodleian
only

Father *Petres's* Farewel to *LONDON* City.

To the Tune of, *Hark how the Thundring Cannons Roar.*

I.

SEE how the Romish Whore goes down,
Posting whole-sale out of Town,
'Cause her Fate does shrewdly Frown,
And Crows her Inclination.
Father *Petres*, and his Crew
Of Jesuits, Monks, and Friars too,
Must now Pack up, and bid adieu
To *London's* Corporation.

II.

Pox on all their Perjur'd Oaths,
Which a Zealous Church-man loaths,
Are they not Wolves in Sheep's cloths,
That Lurk in e'ry Station,
To Trepan the Innocent,
And hatch a Hellish Discontent?
Let us then with one Consent,
Dismiss them from our Nation.

III.

When I saw them first grow bold,
I thought the Proverb true of old,
That they ran too fast to hold
Their damn'd Insinuation.
Now their Prime Dispensing Pow'r
Lies a-bleeding in the Tow'r,
Curfing of the Fatal Hour
Of His first Procreation.

IV.

Now that Wizard knows full well,
Himself to be a Bird of Hell,
Inhumanely thus to Rebel
Against his Habitation.
But e'er this Hypocrite shall pass,
We'll bring his Crimes for Looking-Glass,
To see himself the meekest Ass
Of all the World's Creation

V.

Welcome was Brave *Orange* here,
As it plainly doth appear,
Who Deliver'd us from Fear
Of Popish Usurpation.
Who when we were in great Surprise,
Preserv'd us from our Enemies,
And all the damn'd Conspiracies
Of *Rome's* Assassination.

VI.

Was there such a Trick e'er seen
As hath Lately acted been,
By their Fathers, and the Q—n,
To gull our English Nation?
But their Jugling up that Brat,
From we know not who nor what,
Will be prov'd; nay, worse than that
Of *Transubstantiation*.

VII.

Monsieur now had best take heed,
For his Expeditious speed,
In Helping us, e'er we had Need
Of his Dissimulation;
Least in Requital of his Care,
We send his Knives, and some to spare,
And bring *Le Bougra* in for share
Of's Curfed Affignation.

VIII.

Well, I'll say no more; but see
(True Protestants where e'er you be)
You come not near such Villainy,
Nor grand Equivocation,
E'er Long I hope our Parliament,
Will rid that superstitious Scent
From us; that we may rest Content,
Each in his proper Station.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1689.